H. M.

THE LOVER'S WEEK:

OR, THE *Six Days Adventures* OF Philander *and* Amaryllis.

Written by a Young LADY.

The Cauſe of Love can never be aſſign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.
Dryden.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:
Printed for E. CURLL at the *Dial* and *Bible*, and R. FRANCKLIN at the *Sun*, both over-againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*. M.DCC.XVIII.
Price One Shilling.

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TO

Mrs. MANLEY.

MADAM,

YOUR NAME prefix'd to any thing of LOVE, who have carry'd that Paſſion to the moſt elegant Heighth in your own Writings, is enough to protect any Author who attempts to follow in that myſterious Path. I hope it can be no Injury in one unknown to you, to ask the Patronage of your Name: I am ſure it is a ſufficient Recommendation to have it. Writers deal like Stran-

gers in these Cases, who when they are to try their Fortune in a new Country, contrive to fix upon a Standard Name and Reputation to assist their Hopes at their first Appearance.

You, MADAM, may lend a Portion of your Light to cast a Lustre over these Pages without suffering any Diminution, like a Rich Person, who may support many without feeling the least Decrease of his own Fortune. Should the Obscurity of my Writings be never so great, your NAME, like a *Diamond* in the Dark, will still be but the more eminently conspicuous.

In short, if this Trifle has the good Fortune to amuse you but one Hour, it has gain'd the End of my Ambition: the World must think the better of it; for Envy itself dares

not

not dispute when Mrs. MANLEY is the Judge, and in that Hope I am easy, and continue with as much Passion as one of your own Sex can be,

Your most Obedient,

May 29. 1718.

Humble Servant,

M. H.

TO THE

Fair and Ingenious AUTHOR

OF THE

LOVER's Week.

IN the ſame Mould when Senſe and Beauty meet,
In Her full Charms the Woman *ſhines compleat;*
Each might alone a thouſand Faults ſupply,
And recommend Her to the Lover's Eye;
But She *is doubly fair, in whom we find*
The Form of VENUS *and* MINERVA's *Mind.*

Thy pleaſing WEEK *in all the Force is writ*
Of Female Softneſs, more than Female Wit;
In which conſpire, my raviſh'd Soul to pleaſe,
The Strength of ADDISON *and* MANLEY's *Eaſe;*
Thro' each new Scene what various Charms ariſe?
Thy Paintings pleaſe, thy Incidents ſurprize:
Stript of Her coying Arts and peeviſh Fears
Thy AMARYLLIS *Her* PHILANDER *hears;*
In moving Words He pleads his waſteful Flame,
And ſhews his Boſom to the pitying Dame;
The pitying Dame is rack'd with equal Pain,
And meets inamour'd Her inamour'd Swain.

Let

Let the dull Prieſt, and impotent old Age,
Damn the conſenting Scene with partial Rage;
Let the ſtiff formal Prude, perverſly coy,
Rail at the Licence of a lawleſs Joy;
Let the cold Matron tauntingly upbraid
The eaſy Conduct of the yielding Maid:
Yet ſtill the gen'rous Youth, within whoſe Veins
Tumultuous Blood and Heat and Vigour reigns,
From impious Tongues will ſhield Her ſpotleſs Name,
Guard Her from Cenſure, and protect from Shame;
His throbbing Heart will plead Her Innocence,
And ev'ry Pulſe will beat in Her Defence:
The gen'rous Youth, averſe to formal Ties,
Feels in his Breaſt the furious Guſt ariſe;
From Page to Page He traces out the Fair,
And ſighing wiſhes that Himſelf were there;
In each ſoft Interview He bears a Part,
And the Blood kindles to his glowing Heart,
His Breaſt all Anguiſh, and his Eyes all Fire,
He ſhudders with a Tempeſt of Deſire.
Thy fluent, skilful Lines this Truth may prove,
That beſt a Woman knows to write of Love;
Nature inſtructs Her with expreſſive Powers,
To paint the purling Rills and ſhady Bowers;
In ſubtle Aſſignations to excel,
And well deſcribe, what ſhe concerts ſo well.

This Praiſe, O! Faireſt, is ſincerely thine,
My Judgment dictates each impartial Line;
Of Flattery I diſdain the Venal Art,
Nor is my Tongue a Traytor to my Heart;
By ſuch mean Frauds let ſervile Courtiers riſe,
And ſooth their Levees *with Preferment-Lies;*
Mine be the Praiſe, to mean *and* ſpeak *the Truth,*
An honeſt, open, tho' unhappy, Youth.

Nor let, to rob us of another Tale,
Thy native envious Modeſty *prevail.*
(O! rigid Virtue! *that no Praiſe would boaſt,*
And then moſt bluſhes, when it merits moſt!)
But ſtill go on, my Rapture to improve,
And raiſe my Soul to all the Joys of Love;
Still in my Breaſt preſerve that ſacred Rage,
And ſhine the Sappho *of the preſent Age;*
Still keep thy Pen unſheath'd in Beauty's Cauſe,
And rival our Orinda *in Applauſe;*
Let Behn *and* Manley *not eclipſe thy Name,*
And whom in Beauty you outvy, outvy in Fame.

Joseph Gay.

THE LOVER's Week.

April 23. 1718.

Dear EMILIA,

I *HAD long e're now writ to you, as well to enquire what is said of my sudden Departure, as to divert you with an Affair which is as agreeable as accidental, had not my frequent Removal from Place to Place prevented me. But being now fixed, as I think, in a most agreeable Solitude, I shall proceed to give you an Account of my Adventure, and every thing that has hapned worthy taking notice of since these six Days of my Departure: Which Account, I hope, will prove an entertaining Amusement to you in the Absence of your real*

Friend, and humble Servant,

AMARYLLIS.

The FIRST DAY.

IT was my Luck to wait on the Lady D——; who, after Dinner was over, obliged me to go with her to Mr. *Ruſſel's* the Painter's in the *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, to look on ſome Pictures, and to have her own finiſh'd, which he was about. Whilſt my Lady and he was buſy, I diverted myſelf with looking out of Window; and hapned to ſee coming along a handſome Gilt Chariot, with a Noble Equipage. There was in it a young Nobleman, accompanied by a Divine. They ſeemed indeed both of them to look very earneſtly up at the Window where I ſtood whilſt the Chariot drove by. But as, you know, I am not very vain, I thought no farther of them; but went from the Window to ſee what my Lady and the Painter were doing: When immediately one of Mr. *Ruſſel's* Servants came up, and told him, That there was a Divine and another Gentleman, who deſired to ſpeak with him. He beg'd they would walk up, as being very buſy, juſt finiſhing my Lady's Picture, it being the laſt time of her Sitting. The Servant had no ſooner carry'd down the Meſſage, but they

they came up; but what was the reaſon of it, I am not able to account for. I was in ſo great a Conſternation when they came into the Room, that I much feared it would be taken notice of by my Lady, who, as I thought, obſerv'd me very much. I felt myſelf change colour ſeveral times, therefore removed to the farther end of the Room, to prevent its being taken notice of by others. My Surprize, however, was not ſo great, but that I ſaw the moment this young Nobleman enter'd the Room, his Eyes were fixed on me; for tho' he talked of the Pictures, they ſtill followed me to whatever part of the Room I moved; and, as I thought, told me in a moſt obliging manner, that we muſt have a farther Converſation, as it has ſince proved. My Lady having ſat her time, after admiring ſeveral Pieces of Painting of Mr. *Ruſſel's*, asked me, If we ſhould be going? I told her I waited her motion, as having come there purely to oblige her Ladyſhip. I muſt indeed own, I could with a great deal of Satisfaction have ſtay'd; for when I quitted the Room, I left methought my Heart behind me.

Mr. *Ruſſel* handed my Lady to the Coach, whilſt the young Nobleman was no leſs officious in waiting on me. He ſtood and

look'd after the Coach as far as he could ſee it, then ſent a truſty Servant that he had, to watch it, charging him not to return till he had found where I lived; for he underſtood by our Diſcourſe, that I did not live with the Lady with whom I was. I went home with my Lady. After ſome Diſcourſe about her Picture, I took my leave, and went home to my Aunt's: Where, after giving my Lady's Service, and anſwering her a thouſand impertinent Queſtions and Jealouſies, (which you know are natural in old Maids, who always hate any Gallantry ſhould paſs between others, and are for the generality as cenſorious and ill-natur'd, as can be, becauſe they are neglected) I went to undreſs, and indeed muſt own could not for my Life get this young Nobleman out of my Head by all the Art I was Miſtreſs of. I went into my Cloſet to read, thinking to try what that would do, but all in vain; it was impoſſible to remove ſo pleaſing an Idea. At length the Watchman came, Paſt Twelve a-Clock; at which time I went to Bed; where the God of Sleep took place of the God of Love, and lulled me into a very quiet Repoſe till the next Morning Ten a-Clock, when I roſe, having forgot the Adventure of the foregoing Day.

The SECOND DAY.

I Was no ſooner up, and drinking my Tea, than the Footman call'd my Maid, and told her, that a Servant had brought a Letter for me; which he gave her, and bid her acquaint me, that he ſtay'd for an Anſwer. When ſhe brought it up to me, I was very angry with her, as believing it came from the Duke of *A*——, whoſe Letters I had abſolutely order'd them not to trouble me with. When my Paſſion was a little over, my Maid aſſur'd me it was not his Man, nor any other whoſe Livery ſhe had ſeen at the Houſe before: I therefore order'd her to reach me the Letter, which I had thrown by without ſo much as looking on the Direction. I open'd it, and caſting my Eye at the Bottom, found it ſigned *Philander*. I was then more in amaze to think who it came from, than before; when upon Recollection, and giving myſelf time to read it, I found it came from the Gentleman I had ſeen the Day before at Mr. *Ruſſel's*. It was full of Love and Gallantry, which again reviv'd thoſe Thoughts in me, that I imagin'd a Night's Reſt had quite extinguiſh'd. His Writing, I thought, not only ſhew'd him an accompliſh'd Gentleman,

tleman, but withal diſcover'd a more than ordinary Paſſion for me. He preſſed for an Anſwer, and that I would let him know when and where he ſhould wait on me, or if he ſhould ſee me at my own home; tho' he added, he had been inform'd my Aunt kept ſo ſtrict a Watch over me, that he could not think that Place any ways proper, as ſeeing he ſhould have no opportunity to declare that Paſſion which was ſo violent, and which, if I would not take pity of, would inevitably coſt him his Life. He told me, to add to the Charms of my Perſon, he had heard much of my Converſation, and as my Senſe would carry me above all the little Reflections of the unthinking part of my Sex, (whoſe Wit for the generality reaches no higher than *Tea-Table*-Chat) beg'd me to lay by the little Scruples that might ſeem at firſt to keep me from it, and favour him with an Anſwer. Indeed, I a little conſider'd at firſt, if it would be Prudence in me to comply with his Requeſt; but at length Love (as it generally does) outwent Conſideration (I doubt not but you'll here blame my too eaſy complying: But, my dear *Emilia*, you know it is not in our Powers to act againſt our Inclinations, I am ſure at leaſt it never was in mine, not being Miſtreſs of thoſe little Arts that, in my opinion, are too much uſed by our Sex:) But to return

to

to my Story; I writ him word, If he had a mind to see me, and would wait on the Dutchess of *M*——, who had sent my Aunt word she would visit her that Afternoon, it would be a means to introduce him into the Family without Suspicion. I sent the Servant away with this Answer: Which I thought Encouragement enough for the first time; and make no doubt but you will think me too free, but beg you to be as favourable as you can in your Censure. After I had again perused the Letter, which every time I looked on it appeared with fresh Beauties, I called my Maid, and order'd her to get things ready for my Dressing. I charg'd her to take a particular care to put all my Trifles on exact, being resolved to make what addition to my Person I could by Dress, not doubting but my new Lover would take that Method of seeing me; not that I had any real Design farther on him than the rest of the Sex, tho' it has since proved otherwise.

Dinner being ready, the Footman came to let me know my Aunt waited for me at Table: The old Gentlewoman took particular Notice of me, and told me she never saw me look so well in her Life. *Amaryllis*, says she, If the D. of *A*—— (whose Addresses she favour'd) was to see you to Day, in spite

of

of all your Repulſes and Denials, it would be impoſſible for him to recover his Heart, which ſhe much fear'd I had but too faſt, unleſs I would uſe it better. Without any addition to my Charms, I deſired her not to talk to me of a Man that was my Averſion, tho' no doubt he might deſerve much finer Women than myſelf. She at laſt grew pretty warm: *Amaryllis*, ſays ſhe, I would not have you ſo vain of your Beauties, in ſlighting ſo fine a Gentleman as the Duke of *A*——For, added ſhe, I was as fine a Woman as your Ladyſhip at your Years, and had as many Lovers; but, out of an affected Coyneſs, ſlighted them as you do. She vexed me ſo much with her Talk, that I could not help making her this ill-natur'd Anſwer; I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip has often repented your Coyneſs, being forced thro' your own Folly to live a Maid ever ſince, and I much fear will die ſo. She perceived by my Anſwer, that I was out of humour, ſo drop'd the Diſcourſe. My Aunt's Compliment, however, did not a little pleaſe me, as knowing there muſt be ſomething extraordinary when ſhe vouchſaf'd to take notice of it.

After Dinner was over, we went to play a Game at Picquet; at which Diverſion we had not been long, before the Dutcheſs of M——'s

M—'s Coach ſtop'd at the Gate. Her Grace was attended by my *Philander*, (for ſo I ſhall call him in the remaining part of my Story:) It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe, or you to imagine, the different Motions of my Heart, that I found at his near Approach, which Confuſion I ſaw doubled in him; for when he ſaluted me, he trembled, but had only opportunity to whiſper to me, How could you be ſo barbarous as not to give me a better Opportunity of ſpeaking to you? Our long being together, I was afraid would be taken notice of by the Dutcheſs and my Aunt, ſo we broke off our Converſation for that time, and joined with the Company.

After drinking Tea, my Aunt (who you know is a great Lover of Play) propoſed Cards, which was readily agreed to by the Company: It was my Aunt's Luck to have *Philander* for her Partner, (at which ſhe ſeem'd not a little pleaſed) whether thro' Chance or Deſign, I can't tell; but Fortune ran hard againſt them, and the Dutcheſs and I won each of us near threeſcore Pieces: It grew near Four a-Clock in the Morning, at which time her Grace thought fit to be going home.

Whilſt the Dutcheſs was taking her leave of my Aunt, *Philander* obtained a Promiſe of me to meet him the next Day; but their Compliments being over, he had only time to tell me, He would ſend the ſame Servant that he had ſent to me before, to let me know where we ſhould meet: So, with preſſing me once more to be as good as my Word, we parted for that Night.

My Aunt, who, notwithſtanding her being engag'd with the Dutcheſs, took a particular Notice of *Philander*'s and my talking together: After very ſeverely reprimanding me for a Levity in my Carriage, which ſhe was pleaſed to ſay I was too guilty of at all times, ſhe told me with a very grave Air; *Amaryllis*, I would not have you rely too much on your Charms, nor let the Flatteries of Men give you any Vanity; whoſe Words are little to be regarded, they not knowing their own Minds an Hour together, but vary in their Opinions as any freſh Objects offer: Therefore, my dear Niece, have a care of their deluding Speeches, which if you too readily believe, you will, alas! inſenſibly be drawn into thoſe Snares which you'll too late repent, and wiſh yourſelf out of. I thanked her for her kind Advice; but told her, That I could not imagine what her Diſcourſe aim'd at, ſince I knew

I knew of no Body that had laid any Snare for me. She ſmiled, and ſaid, I am not ſo blind, but I ſaw the Motions of the young Nobleman's Eyes, that where-ever you moved, they follow'd you, and that he minded you a great deal more than he did his Cards. I was quite out of Patience at her Talk, therefore would fain have bid her Good-night two or three times; but ſhe, as if ſhe had been in Love with *Philander* herſelf, (as by the way, I believe a very ſmall Perſwaſion would have made her) kept me chatting tell between Five and Six; at which time I took my Leave of her, (tho' againſt her Will:) I undreſs'd, and went to Bed, I can't ſay to reſt, for really I had not one Wink of Sleep, but was diſturbed by various Thoughts till Day-break.

The THIRD DAY.

VERY early the next Morning my Maid came into my Chamber to make a Fire, and get things in order for my Riſing. She told me the Duke of *A*——'s Footman had been there, and brought a Parcel, and a fine Noſegay of Orange-Flowers, (which he knew I was very fond of, and would, indeed, have been very acceptable had they come from any other Perſon;) but that ſhe, according to my Order, refuſing to take them, the Man ſaid, He would leave them in the Hall, not daring to carry them back to his Lord: Therefore ſhe took them, and brought them up into my Dreſſing-room. I chid her for medling with it, and bid her, ſince ſhe buſied herſelf ſo much with what I order'd her not, (tho' I believe ſhe was very well paid for it by the Duke) to take care, that if the ſame Servant ſhould come that was here yeſterday, to let none of the Family ſee him, if ſhe could help it, beſides herſelf: So I diſmiſs'd her for the preſent from any farther Attendance upon me to wait for this Meſſenger of Love; who, as I judged by my own Impatience, would not be long before

fore he came. She had not been gone out of my Chamber ten Minutes by my Watch, before she return'd, and brought me the wish'd for Billet: In which there was a thousand fresh Repetitions of his Fidelity, in so natural and moving a manner, as shew'd no Design or Artifice. He writ with the Complaisance of a Lover, and Sincerity of a Friend: And in a most humble and obliging manner beg'd me to meet him that Evening at Six a-Clock: He said, He hop'd I would not use, for an Evasion of coming, the vain, idle Scruples, Of what would the World say of me? for he was sure (by the little Conversation he had with me) I had a Soul above caring what the ill-natur'd part of the World should say of me; and he well knew I was Mistress of Wit enough to silence any impertinent People who should dare to call my Conduct in question: So that, in short, by putting off Doubts, and answering them himself, he left nothing for me to object against. He let me know farther, That on my complying with his Request, his Life depended. I therefore call'd for Pen and Ink, and writ him word, That he should certainly meet me according to his Desire.

I know you will again reflect on me for so sudden a Compliance with his Request: But, dear *Emilia*, consider, my Word was already

already paſt; neither would it have ſuited with my open free Temper, to have let any one ſuffer a moment's Pain, that I could eaſe them of, out of a little affected Coyneſs of my Sex; much leſs would I let my dear *Philander* be uneaſy for ſo fooliſh a thing as a Promiſe of meeting him, ſince I muſt own he grew every moment more dear to me than other: And, in ſhort, I could think of nothing but him, and every Thought added freſh Charms to his Perſon.

I paſſed the Remainder of the Morning in peruſing his dear Letter; which every time I read, I found freſh cauſe to admire. I thought the Day long, and wiſhed for the appointed Hour, as much as he afterwards told me he did. I had promiſed my *Philander* to come to him, but how to get out, my Aunt having a great many Viſiters that Afternoon, could not tell; therefore believ'd it would be not only an Affront to leave the Company, but that my Aunt would oppoſe it with all the Authority ſhe was Miſtreſs of: At length, after having fretted above an Hour, and freſh Company continuing to come in, being quite out of Humour, not knowing what to do, and ſeeing no Likelihood of my Releaſe, I ſlip'd out of the Room, and went up into my Chamber to conſider what was to be done;

for

for reſolv'd I was to meet my dear *Philander*, according to my Promiſe. I had not been long in my Room before this lucky Thought came into my Head; That I would go down, and make my Excuſe to the Company, and ſay, That my Lady *Betty* had ſent to beg to ſpeak with me immediately, for that ſhe was much worſe than ſhe ever had been. This Project, I thought, would take with my Aunt, who I knew had a particular value for that Lady, and knew ſhe had been ill. In order, therefore, to put my Deſign in execution, I call'd my Maid, and bid her give me my Fan and Hood: When coming down Stairs, I met my Aunt, who ſeem'd ſurpriz'd at my going out, and ſaid, Madam, I think, if you had no value for me, you ought for your own ſake not to go out, and leave the Ladies, who to be ſure would think you very ill bred. I beg'd her Excuſe for it, and told her, I was very ſorry for the Occaſion, as, I believ'd, ſhe would be when ſhe heard it; and farther aſſur'd her, that nothing ſhould have oblig'd me to have quitted ſuch good Company, but the melancholy Meſſage I had receiv'd from the Lady *Betty*——who was a Lady I knew ſhe had an uncommon reſpect for. She ſeem'd mightily concern'd at what I told her; and inſtead of any longer reprimanding me, preſ-

ſed

ſed me to make what haſte I could to her, ſaying, She would excuſe me to the Company. Thus, I had ſo far gained my point, when another unlucky Difficulty aroſe: My Aunt, that I might make the more haſte, told me, She would not have me ſtay for the Horſes being put to the Coach, but would oblige me to take her Chair. I thank'd her for her kind Offer, but would fain have excuſed it, and told her I would take a Hackney-Chair, not knowing how long I might ſtay, and perhaps her Ladyſhip might want her Own: But all theſe Excuſes would not do; for ſhe, out of her great Civility, would oblige me to make uſe of her's at laſt. Through her over Complaiſance, I was forced to accept of it, fearing if I any longer deny'd it, ſhe would ſuſpect I had ſome Deſign.

I went into the Chair, with great Uneaſineſs, not knowing how to contrive to get rid of my Attendants; therefore I order'd the Chair-men to carry me to my Milliner's in *Pell-Mell*, having ſome Buſineſs there. As ſoon as I arriv'd at the Place, I alighted, and order'd my Footman to go to the Dutcheſs of M——'s, and give my Service, and enquire after her Health. By this means I got rid of one of the Servants, whom I look'd upon at that time as

ſo

ſo many Spies: I order'd the Chair home, and bid them come at Nine a-Clock for me to the Lord——in the Square; with whom I did really deſign to be at that time, had not the more agreeable Company of my *Philander* kept me from him.

As ſoon as I found they were gone out of ſight, and that I was free, I had a Hackney-Chair call'd; which I went into, and order'd the Men to carry me to the—in *Covent-Garden*, that being the Place appointed for our meeting. I was no ſooner brought into the Street, but *Philander*'s Man, who was placed by his Maſter's Order to wait my coming, ſpy'd me. He went immediately, and acquainted his Lord of my near approach; when he, all in Tranſport, and without Thought, ran himſelf into the Street to meet me. Which Action I could not help condemning him for: I thought it ſhew'd more of Love than Conſideration: He walked by the Chair till it came to the Houſe, and caus'd it to be carry'd to the foot of the Stairs, where he took me out, and led me up to a noble Room that was put in exact order for my Reception. There was a Book lying on the Table, which taking up, on examination, I found to be the famous Mrs. *Behn*'s Novels, with which I perceiv'd my *Philander* had been

diverting himſelf till I came. He ſeem'd all Tranſport at the Obligation I had done him in being as good as my Word, though he could not help telling me, He was afraid (when he look'd on his Watch, and ſaw it Seven a-Clock) that ſome Female Scruples would have hindred his Happineſs, and notwithſtanding my Promiſe prevented me from coming. I could not help anſwering a little warmly to what he ſaid; and in a violent Rage told him, I was ſorry I was ſo miſtaken in him as I found I was, having thought *Philander* a Perſon of ſo diſcerning a Judgment, that he might eaſily ſee I meant all I ſaid; nor did I much queſtion but that he was ſo ſtill, and what he ſaid was but what I too well deſerv'd, a very juſt Reflection on my too eaſy complying with his Requeſt, not that I would have him once dare to uſe my Name in a diſreſpectful manner; to compleat his Triumph over my Folly, and to add Trophies to his Vanity: I let him know he was the only Man that ever had obtain'd a quarter of an Hour's Diſcourſe with me in private. After having ſaid this, I catch'd up my Fan and Gloves, and had certainly gone away without either Coach or Chair, had not Colonel *P*— luckily prevented me, who was come that moment into the Room, and was a particular Friend of his. He ſaw by

Philander's

Philander's Looks (who all this time remained unmoveable) that ſomething had hapned which cruelly diſorder'd him; and being himſelf no Stranger to Affairs of that kind, believ'd it was ſome little Love Quarrel between us: He therefore, with a great deal of good Manners, perſwaded me to ſit down: After ſome ſmall Refuſal, I did ſo, more in compliance to his Requeſt, than any Deſire I had to be reconciled to the ungrateful *Philander*, for ſo at that time I thought him, though I over and over chid myſelf for yielding ſo ſoon to his Requeſt, and repreſented my own Follies to myſelf in the worſt Colours I poſſibly could.

Philander all this while ſtood like a thing unmoveable; but at length a little recovering himſelf, he, I ſuppoſe, gave ſome Sign to the Colonel, for immediately with the greateſt Reſpect imaginable he quitted the Room. *Philander* no ſooner found we were alone, and that there was no Body to interrupt him, but he threw himſelf at my Feet, and offering me his drawn Sword, beg'd that I would ſheath it in his Breaſt, ſince I harbour'd ſo barbarous a Thought of him as to believe he could be guilty of upbraiding the generous Action I had done in ſaving his Life; for without my Preſence Life

would be but a Burden to him, and Death would be more welcome than my Frowns: Therefore the better to convince me of his Innocence, he made a thouſand Proteſtations, that what he ſaid was with no deſign to affront me; and with Tears beg'd me, as he was ſure I was all Gooodneſs, to pardon thoſe fooliſh Expreſſions of his uttered entirely without the leaſt thought of offending.

You know my Temper to be pretty reſolute; ſo that with all the Rhetorick I was Miſtreſs of, I could not perſwade my ſtubborn Heart to a Reconcilement; tho' Love pleaded ſtrongly on his ſide, yet Anger for a time prevail'd; till at length turning my Eyes towards him, (which I had not done all this while) and ſeeing him ſtill at my Feet, I ſaid, That Poſture did not become him, therefore deſired him to riſe, for it would be eaſier for me to ſee him ſit than kneel. He obſtinately refuſed to ſtir, and proteſted he would continue for ever in that Poſture, if I would not give him my Pardon: So that I was obliged to be ſeemingly reconciled to him for fear any one ſhould come into the Room, and find him in that Poſture, (though indeed I could not heartily forgive him.) We were no ſooner ſet, but I told him, I reſented his letting the Colonel come into the Room, (believing it

was

was by his Appointment:) and told him, I could not help thinking he did it with a deſign to expoſe a Perſon, that by too ready a Condeſcenſion to his Requeſt, had in reality laid herſelf open to his greateſt Cenſure; and that he had now made me thoroughly ſenſible of my own Folly.

He heard me out with the greateſt Impatience imaginable, when he aſſured me, He knew nothing of the Colonel's coming, nor could he imagine how he knew he was there. His offering to deny it, though it really was ſo, as he afterwards convinced me, put me in ſo great a Paſſion, that ſilenc'd him for a few minutes; but being reſolv'd to clear himſelf from a Fault which I ſo unjuſtly taxed him with, he ſtep'd to the Stairs Head, and call'd his Man, and enquir'd of him, how Colonel *P*——came to know of his being there? He told him, as he was waiting below according to his Lordſhip's Order, the Colonel came by, and ſeeing him, ask'd if his Lord was there, and in what Room he was? At this *Philander* interrupted him, ſaying, What was the Reaſon you did not come and acquaint me of his being below, without letting him come into the Room? To which the Fellow reply'd, He was coming up to let his Lordſhip know, but the Colonel follow'd

low'd him ſo cloſe that he got to the Door by that time he had open'd it; ſo that ſeeing him come in, he went down Stairs again.

After having receiv'd this Account from his Servant, he came to me with a thouſand repeated Proteſtations, and aſſured me he was no ways guilty of that Crime: And at the ſame time told me, I might be entirely eaſy, for he could pawn his Life that my Reputation was as ſafe with the Colonel as with himſelf, he being a Man of the niceſt Honour. At length Female Weakneſs prevail'd, and he pretty well reconciled me.

Supper being order'd to be got ready, I began to enquire what it was a-Clock: For looking on my own Watch, I found it did not go, though by what Accident it ſtop'd, I can't tell: I therefore ask'd *Philander*, What Hour it was? He readily anſwer'd me, It wanted a quarter of Eight by his, (having ſet his Watch back:) I really believ'd him, not ſuſpecting he had taken that Method to deceive me, and Time you know paſſes away quick in Company one likes, which I muſt own to you, I did that of *Philander*'s.) At length Supper came up, every thing after a moſt exact manner, there being neither Care nor Coſt ſpar'd upon this

this occaſion. Whilſt we were at Supper, the Watchman came, Paſt Twelve a-Clock, which not a little ſtartled me, (I'll leave you to judge the Surprize I was in, tho' it is not ſo eaſily to be imagin'd by any Perſon as myſelf:) In ſhort, I could not believe I was awake, till hearkening again, I was fully confirm'd it was but too true. I ſat, though with a great deal of Uneaſineſs, till Supper was over: What to do, or what Excuſe to make to my Aunt, I could not tell, not in the leaſt doubting but the Chair had been at my Lord—— waiting for me, as I order'd they ſhould; but hearing I had never been there, as I ſaid, and not knowing where to look for me, I made no longer doubt but they had returned home, and ſufficiently alarm'd my Aunt, and all the Family: After all, reflecting ſeriouſly on all theſe Circumſtances, I could not tell what to ſay or do, when ſtrait an Excuſe came into my Head, which I believe would have paſt well enough had I gone immediately: But to let you ſee how Fortune favour'd *Philander*'s Deſigns, (which, as I have ſince been inform'd by himſelf, were all laid) deſiring a Chair might be fetch'd for me to go home, which I was fully reſolv'd on, notwithſtanding all the Arguments *Philander* uſed to perſuade me to the contrary; juſt as the Chair was come, the

Footman

Footman brought up word, that the Duke of *A*——, and two or three more Men of Quality, were that Inſtant come in, and that it would be impoſſible for me to go without being ſeen by them, (they being in a Room we were oblig'd to paſs through:) What to do I could not tell, for if they ſhould ſee me, I well knew the Duke, who had often intreated me to favour him with my Company abroad, and as often been refus'd it, would gladly lay hold of ſo fair an Opportunity as this to expoſe me, without paying any reſpect either to my Character, or the Paſſion he had ſo long profeſſed for me, and would ſacrifice to his Reſentment my Reputation, as well as perhaps the Life of my dear *Philander*, who I was ſenſible would not hear that call'd in queſtion on his account, without defending it even with his Blood.

Thus reflecting in my Thoughts, I reſolved of two Evils, to chuſe the leaſt, as hoping I might find ſome way to make things eaſy; whilſt I only truſted my Honour with *Philander*, who, by all the tender Words and Actions that could poſſibly be expreſs'd, ſtrove to convince me that it ſhould be the whole Buſineſs of his Life to oblige me. I therefore conſider'd, that *Philander* had it already in his power to

ſay

ſay what he pleas'd of me; not that after what he had promis'd, I in the leaſt ſuſpected he would ever ſay any thing to my Prejudice: Whereas I knew, ſhould I run the risk of the Duke's ſeeing me, I could expect nothing but the blackeſt Calumnies that a ſlighted exaſperated Lover could invent. I knew him to be of a proud haughty Temper, and one that could not brook any Affront eaſily, therefore was the more afraid of being liable to his Reſentment, which I knew would not terminate without the loſs of one or both their Lives, as well as my Reputation.

He kept me Priſoner till one a-Clock; when, late as it was, I would have gone home, had not *Philander* perſuaded me to the contrary, by uſing thoſe Arguments which I thought very juſt: So that at length I yielded myſelf entirely to his Protection for that Night; and received a thouſand Vows from him, that I ſhould be as ſafe with him as if I were at home in my Aunt's Houſe: He added, to make me the more eaſy, this friendly Advice, ſaying, Had you not better return to Morrow Morning, when you may have forty Excuſes for your Stay, As that you were at Play or Dancing all Night? and not to go home at this unſeaſonable Hour, without any Body to wait on you,

it being altogether improper for me to go along with you. He added, to what he had already ſaid, That my going home ſo late would cauſe a greater Suſpicion than if I ſtaid till Morning; and by that means perhaps I might have ſo ſtrict a Guard ſet over me, that it would be impoſſible for him either to ſee me, or hear from me; ſo, with earneſt Intreaties, beg'd of me that I would not do any thing that might occaſion ſo cruel a Separation, which would inevitably coſt him his Life, it being altogether impoſſible for him to live without me.

Conſidering all his Arguments, I fully reſolv'd to reſign myſelf to his Protection for that Night, however, with a deſign of returning home the next Morning early: He beg'd me to be eaſy, for he would carry me where I ſhould be very ſafe. A Coach was call'd, and *Philander* diſmiſs'd his Man for that Night, reſolving to be perfectly *incog.* He directed the Coach himſelf, but where I knew not. As we went along, I ſeemed to be a little uneaſy; which he perceiving, took me by the Hand, and ſaid, My dear *Amaryllis*, what makes you tremble, and be ſo uneaſy, ſince you may aſſure yourſelf that you are with the Man who eſteems you above all things on Earth, and rather than you ſhould come to any Harm,

Harm, would freely loſe that Life which I value for no other Purpoſe but to ſerve you?

This obliging Speech, which I thought was ſpoke with ſo much Sincerity, gave me freſh Courage. I was going to make him an Anſwer, but was prevented by the Coach ſtopping at the Place where we were to lodge for that Night. When the Coachman knock'd at the Door, a Maid-Servant immediately open'd it; who immediately bid the Fellow open his Door, as if ſhe knew we were come to ſtay. When I came in, I looked round me, and ſaw it was a good handſome Houſe. I was preſently conducted by *Philander* up Stairs (attended by the Maid) into a very neat Bed-Chamber. *Philander* order'd a Fire to be light. Whilſt ſhe was doing of it, he in a very obliging manner again repeated many Expreſſions of Love; adding, He was ſorry he could not entertain me in a Place more ſuitable to my Birth and Merit; but the beſt the Place afforded, was and ſhould be entirely at my Command, as himſelf and Fortune were alſo: He then order'd the Maid to bring up a Bottle of *Cyprus* Wine, which he, unknown to me, had brought with him from the Place where we ſup'd, and it was the beſt

I ever taſted. When the Maid came up, ſhe ask'd me, If I pleas'd to bathe? By this I found I was at a *Bagnio*, which I was before ignorant of. I ſeemed, notwithſtanding the many Aſſurances I had received from *Philander* of my Safety, to retain a freſh Uneaſineſs: Which he perceiving, ſaid, Fear nothing, my Angel, you are as ſafe as if you were in the Royal Palace of *St. James's*, with all the Guards about you; for, my Life, you may be aſſur'd, I would not bring that Treaſure into any danger, which I more fear loſing than Miſers do their hoarded Gold. Being pretty well ſatisfied, I then order'd the Maid to prepare a Bath, and let me know when it was ready. She had not been gone out of the Room above half an Hour, before ſhe return'd according to my Order, to acquaint me that the Bath was ready, and that ſhe had got all things fit for my Bathing; therefore I took my leave of *Philander* for a while, thinking he would have bathed too: But inſtead of allowing himſelf that time, he employ'd himſelf in ſeeing my Chamber prepar'd after the beſt manner againſt I came up, fearing that if he ſhould truſt to the People, they would not take that Care to put every thing in the exact Order he would have it.

When

When I returned from Bathing, *Philander* met me on the top of the Stairs, and led me into the Room where I was to lodge that Night. There was a very good Fire, and ſome White-Wine mulled with Eggs; We drank it; after which we ſat and talked a little time, when I ask'd him, If there were any care taken for preparing a Room for him, and if he had ordered a Fire in his Chamber? He thank'd me for my kind Care of him, and aſſured me he had ordered every thing to be done that was neceſſary. He, as I ſuppoſe, thought by my enquiring after his Chamber, that I was ſleepy, therefore call'd the Maid to wait on me to Bed. When ſhe came, he in a very reſpectful manner wiſh'd me a good Repoſe; and after imprinting Ten thouſand Kiſſes on my Hand, he took his leave of me, as I thought, for that Night. When he quitted the Room, he gave ſuch a Sigh as if not only his Heart, but Life remained with me.

After I was in Bed, I order'd the Maid to lock the Door, and take the Key out, and not to diſturb me till Ten a-Clock in the Morning, if I did not call her before. I bid her give my Service to the Gentleman, and tell him I wiſh'd him a good Night: So being

being lock'd in ſecure, as I thought, I turn'd with a deſign to ſleep, but could not for my life: I hearkned if I could hear *Philander* ſtir, but could not; therefore concluded him at reſt, but was miſtaken, he being gone, as he afterwards told me, to bathe himſelf. I had not been in Bed above three quarters of an Hour, before I heard my Chamber-door open; however, a little recovering myſelf from my Surprize, I turn'd to ſee what ſhould be the reaſon of it: When, to my great Aſtoniſhment, I ſaw *Philander* ſtanding cloſe by the Bed-ſide, (there being a Light in the Chimney.) I ask'd him, What was the occaſion of his coming into my Chamber at that unſeaſonable Hour? but could get no anſwer from him; ſo that I began to be more ſurprized than before, believing it to be a Spirit that ſtood before me, not that I am very apt to be frighted: However, again importuning him to tell me what was the occaſion of his being there, and not yet obtaining any anſwer, I ſcream'd out, and had certainly alarm'd the whole Houſe, had not *Philander* thrown himſelf on the Bed; and after having preſſed my Hand, ſpoke. What he ſaid, was with the greateſt fear of diſobliging me that could be; when getting off the Bed, he kneeled by the ſide of it, and beg'd me I would

would pardon a Presumption which nothing but his violent Passion could have made him guilty of, it being impossible for him to leave the Place where I was, therefore intreated me that I would at least suffer him to sit in my Room till Morning, not daring to leave so sacred a Treasure unguarded. With these and the like Expressions of Love, he at length talked me to sleep. As soon as he found I was fast, he came to Bed, where he lay till Morning.

You'll say perhaps, that *Philander* broke his Word, and you'll wonder how I could forgive him: Indeed, I own it was a little hard for me to do so; but when I consider'd it was Love, which generally hurries us on without Consideration, that made him guilty of it, I at length excused him, though not without sufficiently upbraiding him of ungenerously betraying me into a Fault which my Innocence and too good Opinion of him, had led me into.

It was then too late to say or do any thing, he having me entirely in his power, and by all the moving Expressions that could be uttered, gave me fresh Assurances of his Fidelity.

The FOURTH DAY.

THE next Day, according to his Order, the Maid came up to ſee if we wanted any thing: For my part I was ſo aſhamed and confuſed when ſhe entred the Room, that I could not look at her, though I found ſhe had been of my *Philander's* Party, and was privy to his coming into my Chamber. He order'd her to light a Fire, and get us ſome *Bohea-Tea.* When ſhe was gone out of the Room, I fell to upbraiding him afreſh in a moſt violent manner; ſaying, O cruel *Philander*, how could you by ſo baſe a Breach of your Word, betray me to a Crime that will not only be a continual Torment to my own Thoughts, but make me aſhamed to the World! and what ſhould I ſay or do to reconcile my Aunt to my lying from home all Night, it being a thing I never did before without her knowing where I was? Thus did I in a Confuſion of Thought, and almoſt dying, with Shame perplex myſelf for my too lately committed Folly; when my dear *Philander* beg'd me to be eaſy, and told me, that he would freely ſacrifice his Life and Fortune to me; and that if I could be ſo content, he would quit all the Honours of the Court, to paſs the remaining part of his

his Life with me in an agreeable Solitude: He beg'd me not to talk nor think of home; but to compleat the generous Truſt I had already repoſed in his Breaſt, and reſolve to paſs the reſt of my Days with him: He ask'd my Pardon for coming ſo abruptly into my Chamber, and own'd it was a Fault; but hoped my Goodneſs would excuſe it, the future Happineſs of his Life entirely depending on his poſſeſſing of me; therefore feared, ſhould he let this Opportunity ſlip, Fortune would never throw the like in his way: So once more he intreated me to pardon an Indiſcretion which was purely the Effect of Love.

I had anſwer'd him, but the Maid came in with the Tea, which prevented me: after we had drank it, we got up and conſulted what was to be done, it being very near Two a-Clock; and at ſo late an Hour, it was impoſſible for me to think of returning home, therefore I reſolved to follow what Rules my *Philander* laid down; which were, that we ſhould take each of us a Coach, and he would go home and hear what was ſaid by the Noblemen that came to his Lodgings, ſuppoſing there might have been a pretty many, (who he doubted not would all paſs their different Cenſures on his lying

out;) he having the greateſt Levee of any Nobleman that belongs to the Court, occaſion'd partly from his being well belov'd, and partly in reſpect to the many Poſts of Honour which he enjoys. He beg'd me to meet him at Colonel *P*——'s Lodgings at Four a-Clock, where we would conſult what was to be done that he might, uninterrupted, enjoy that Treaſure in which he ſeemed to place all his Felicity.

I made ſome ſcruple at firſt of going to the Colonel's Lodgings, as being a perfect Stranger to him, having never in my Life ſeen him till the laſt Night, and that in ſuch Confuſion, that I could no ways go where he was without being introduced. *Philander* ſoon put an end to my Scruples, by telling me he would be at the Colonel's Lodgings to receive me; or if he was not, he would ſend him word of my coming, who he knew would be glad of any Opportunity to ſhew his Readineſs to ſerve him: And farther added, My dear Life, you may be aſſured the Colonel is a Man of Worth and Honour, or I would not intruſt him with a Secret on which the future Happineſs of my Life depends; beſides, as you are a nice Diſtinguiſher of Senſe and good Breeding, I am ſure you will like the Converſation of the

the Colonel, he being a perfect Maſter of both.

After he had in this manner removed my Scruples, I promiſed I would come to the Colonel's Lodgings: So after a thouſand freſh Repetitions of his conſtant Love, which he failed not to give me as often as he found Opportunity, we parted for that time, though when my *Philander* went from me, he ſeemed like one that had left the whole Comfort of his Life, and looked as far as ever he could after my Coach, which I order'd to drive to a poor Woman's Houſe, who was a Penſioner to my Aunt, to ſee if by that means I could hear any thing of the Affairs of our Family, and if ſhe had heard of my Deſertion, and what was ſaid of it. She was much ſurprized and overjoyed to ſee me at her Houſe, but did not in the leaſt ſuſpect what was the Occaſion of my coming there. I ask'd her, if ſhe had been at our Houſe that Morning? She told me, no; but that ſhe believ'd my Aunt's Woman, or ſome of the Servants, would be with her preſently. I told her, if any of them ſhould come whilſt I was there, I would not have her take any notice ſhe had ſeen me. Whilſt we were talking, Somebody knocked at the Door; which proved to be as ſhe expected, my Aunt's Woman,

who was come to bring ſome Charity Money to the poor old Woman, it being what ſhe, by my Aunt's Orders, did twice a Week. After ſhe had returned her Thanks, ſhe, as I ſuppoſe it was her uſual Way, ask'd how her good Lady did? I heard the Woman anſwer her, That her Lady was very ill, and almoſt diſtracted, and all the Family was in the greateſt confuſion imaginable, which was occaſioned by the Abſence of their young Lady, her Lady's Niece, who had been gone from home ever ſince the Day before; and by all the Enquiry that could be made, they could hear nothing of her.

Whatever Inclinations I had before to return home, they immediately vaniſh'd on my hearing that my Stay abroad for one Night, had, thro' my Aunt's Indiſcretion, been ſo blaz'd abroad, that ſhould I again appear in publick, there would not be wanting a few of the ill-natur'd part of the World, who would be throwing Reflections. My Heart aked for fear the old Woman, in hopes of a Reward, ſhould tell I was in her Houſe: But that Fear was ſoon ſet aſide by my hearing her ſay, I'll warrant the young Lady has ſtol'n a Wedding. After their Chat was over, my Aunt's Woman went away, and the good old Woman came in to wiſh me

Joy,

Joy, no longer doubting but it was as ſhe imagin'd. I again charg'd her never to own ſhe had ſeen me; and the more to deter her from divulging this Secret, I told her ſhe would for ever loſe my Aunt's Favour, ſhould it ever come to her Ears that I was concealed in her Houſe, when her Woman was there: Therefore to bribe her to Secreſy, I gave her a couple of Guineas.

After trifling away an Hour or two with her, I order'd a Coach to be call'd, and went directly to the Colonel's Lodgings, where I expected to meet my *Philander*. There was a Servant waiting at the Door; of whom I enquired if his Maſter was at home: He told me he was, and conducted me into a very handſome Apartment; then went to acquaint his Maſter (who as I ſuppoſe was in his Dreſſing-room) that there was a Lady to ſpeak with him. I, who expected my *Philander* was there waiting my coming, was ſo ſurpriz'd when I ſaw the Colonel come into the Room where I was, without *Philander*, that I could not immediately call together my ſcattered Senſes, to return the Civilities he ſhew'd me: Which he, I believe, perceiving, ſaid, Madam, my Lord has ſent a Note to me, wherein he orders me to beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon for his not waiting on you here to the Minute of his

Appoint-

Appointment; but, contrary to his Inclination, he was unluckily prevented by the D. of *B*——coming to pay him a Viſit juſt as he was ſtepping into his Chariot, ſo he was oblig'd to return with him, and is afraid he ſhall be detained at leaſt half an Hour.

I was a little out of Humour at this Accident, but would not ſhew it to the Colonel, who entertained me in a very handſome manner, as being one that he ſuppoſed *Philander* had a value for, which was enough to gain any Perſon a particular reſpect from him, for whom he profeſs'd the moſt ſingular Friendſhip, tho' at the ſame time ſaid it was impoſſible that he, or any other, ſhould lay ſo juſt a value on him as he merited. In this, and ſuch like Diſcourſe, we paſs'd the time till my dear *Philander* came, who had altered his Dreſs ſince I parted from him, and appeared in his new Garb, as well as ſprightly Carriage, a perfect Bridegroom: Whatever Charms had but faintly appeared to me before, now ſhone out in full Light; and, in ſhort, I thought him the compleateſt Gentleman I had ever ſeen. After the firſt Compliments were over, and we had drank a Glaſs or two of Wine, the Colonel (with a great deal of good Manners,) withdrew, and left us to ourſelves. When we were alone,

alone, I could not help ſhewing my Reſentment to *Philander* for making me wait; telling him, I too plainly ſaw that by giving him a Power over me, he had loſt all Reſpect, though I would not have him believe my not daring to return home, ſhould any ways lay me liable to the leaſt Slight or Affront from him, ſince I would rather retire into ſome foreign Land, and paſs the Remainder of my Days amongſt Strangers, who could not reproach me of my Follies, than bear the leaſt ſeeming Neglect from him.

Whilſt I was ſpeaking in this manner to him, his Eyes were fixed on mine; at length, after having heard all I had to ſay, he thus began, My dear *Amaryllis*, how can you be ſo barbarous to harbour a Thought, that my not being here to wait for you (as I own I ought to have been) was out of any Slight or Diſreſpect to you: So far was I from any ſuch Deſign, that I thought each Minute an Age till I was with you, and almoſt curſed my unlucky Fate that threw the Duke of *B*——in my way to retard my coming to that dear Company which every Moment diſcovers ſomething new and deſirable. After he had thoroughly convinc'd me, that his Stay was occaſion'd by Force and not Deſign, and by that means appeaſed my Anger, *Philander* told me, if I thought it proper, he

he would make the Colonel privy to our Amour; For, ſaid he, my Dear, it will be convenient for us to have a faithful Friend, that if Buſineſs of Neceſſity ſhould detain me from you, he would go between us, and make things eaſy.

Philander having given me theſe convincing Reaſons, why the Colonel ſhould make the third Perſon in our Intrigue, and again aſſured me of his Honour, I yielded to his being made acquainted with it. By the time we had done talking, the Colonel came into the Room; but thinking we were ſtill buſy in Diſcourſe, he offer'd to retreat, when my *Philander* deſir'd we might have his Company: So he ſat down, and after ſeveral Profeſſions of Friendſhip between them, *Philander* ſaid to him, Sir, I am now going to let you ſee how great an Opinion I have of your Honour as well as Friendſhip, and am fully ſatisfy'd that you'll not diſappoint me in the good Opinion I have of both. The Colonel returned him Thanks for his kind Thought, and beg'd him to lay his Commands, that by that means he might have the opportunity of ſhewing how ready he would be to ſerve him, though with the hazard of his Life. *Philander* embracing him in a Friendly manner, ſaid, I will put you on nothing that ſhall any ways endanger either

your

your Life or Fortune, though what I am going to tell you concerns my Life as well as Happineſs: So to keep you no longer in ſuſpence, you are to know that this Lady has bleſſed me with a Promiſe to paſs the reſt of her Life with me; but being afraid of being diſcover'd, we don't know what to do for a Lodging till Tomorrow, it being too late for us to quit *London* to Night; nor can ſhe go till ſhe has ſome Neceſſaries, having nothing but what Cloaths ſhe has on her Back; nor was it poſſible to get any of my things from home without being diſcover'd, which I was reſolv'd not to be if I could poſſibly avoid it.

After my *Philander* had ended his Diſcourſe, the Colonel told him, he was the happieſt Man in the World; and added, that notwithſtanding his great Merit, he could not imagine how he came by the Poſſeſſion of ſo fine a Lady.

Philander told him, that he muſt own he had gained me by clandeſtine Means; but ſaid, you know, Stratagems are allowable in Love as well as War: And dear Friend, added he, you ſhall have the Particular of this Adventure when we are ſettled. The Colonel perceiving we were both uneaſy till we were fixed in a Lodging, therefore propos'd a Place where, he ſaid, he

was ſure I might be as private as I could wiſh, for that there would be no Queſtions ask'd on his account, (I ſuppoſe, by the way, he had tried the Place on ſome ſuch occaſion before;) and that all things might be done with the greater Privacy, he called his Man, and ordered him to go to Mrs. — and bid her come to him. When he was gone, the Colonel ſaid to me, Madam, this Place I am recommending you to, I own is not fit for you, were you to continue; but the only Motive that induces me to perſwade you to it, is, that I know the Woman to be a very honeſt Perſon, and one that I can truſt.

Whilſt we were talking, the Footman returned, and with him the Woman: I liked her very well; ſhe look'd like a good Motherly Dame. The Colonel bid her ſit down, but ſhe abſolutely refuſed it, ſaying, It was her place to ſtand in his Preſence. He ask'd her, If her firſt Floor was let? She told him, ſhe had a Couſin that lay in it; but to oblige him, or any Friend of his, ſhe would part from any Lodger at an Hour's Warning, (by this I found he had a very great Influence over her.) He told her, He would not have her put herſelf, or any Perſon, to an Inconvenience; but if ſhe could make any ſhift with her Relation for a Day or two, it would be for her Advantage: She told

told the Colonel that the Rooms ſhould be got ready.

I gave Orders to have a Fire made, and that my Linnen ſhould be well aired; ſo diſmiſſed her, to prepare the Lodging fit for my Reception. The Colonel provided a very pretty Supper, but order'd none of his Servants ſhould attend, but that one who ſaw me when I came. After Supper was over, and we had chatted an Hour or two, I asked my *Philander*, if we ſhould be going? The Colonel offered to wait on us to our Lodging; which we at firſt refuſed, as being unwilling to take him from home, but at length he prevailed, on conſideration that he was acquainted in the Houſe.

When we came there, every thing was in very decent Order, and the Woman of the Houſe ſeemed very aſſiduous to oblige us. The Colonel ſtaid with us, and drank a Bottle, (we having ſent a Hamper of Wine, and other Neceſſaries before us;) but it being Twelve a-Clock, he took his leave, with a Promiſe to come and drink Tea with us the next Morning: Upon which I ordered the Maid to get the Equipage ready, and call us by Ten a-Clock.

The FIFTH DAY.

THE next Morning, at the appointed Hour, the Maid came into our Apartment; and after enquiring how we had reſted, and if we liked our Lodging, (which was better than I expected, being a very good Bed and fine Linnen) ſhe made us a Fire, and we got up, I having a great deal of Buſineſs to do to prepare myſelf for our intended Journey the next Day, it being altogether improper for me to continue in Town, where it was impoſſible I ſhould remain undiſcovered without the Puniſhment of always keeping within Doors.

We had not been long up before the Colonel came, when we drank Tea; after which I diſmiſſed *Philander*, whoſe Affairs call'd him to Court, and took my leave of the Colonel till Eight a-Clock in the Evening, that I might be the better at liberty to diſcourſe my Milliner, Mercer, and Mantua-Maker; All which People I was oblig'd to have come home to me, not daring to ſtir out for fear of being ſeen. I paſſed this Day among my Trades People, in giving Orders for things that I wanted, till Eight a-Clock; when

when my dear *Philander*, and his faithful Friend the Colonel, returned. After the Compliment of a Salute was over, my *Philander*, who had been all Day in care for me, enquired what I had got for my Dinner. I told him I had provided what I liked, which was only a Veal Sweet-bread. He ſeemed concerned that I ſhould have had nothing elſe; therefore propos'd that I would go out to Supper, ſaying, It would divert me after my Day's Fatigue within Doors; and farther ſaid, I need not be under any concern for fear of being ſeen, it being perfectly dark: I therefore conſented, and a Coach was called. We went to *Brawne's*, thinking that to be the ſecureſt Place, where neither of us could be known, as being at a conſiderable diſtance from the end of the Town we uſually frequented. There was a very handſome Supper beſpoke: Whilſt it was getting ready, *Philander* told the Colonel, that he deſired him to carry me the next Day to a ſmall Country-Seat that he had about twelve Miles out of Town. You know, ſaid *Philemon*, for ſo he then called him, (intending to make him an Intimate in our Correſpondence) the Place I ſpeak of is moſt agreeably ſituated, and I verily believe my dear *Amaryllis* will be of my Mind; therefore if you will ſometimes give us your agreeable Company, I think we ſhall paſs the Remainder of our

Lives

Lives in an agreeable Solitude, if my Angel can be ſo contented: For my part, I am reſolved, as ſoon as good Manners will permit, to quit all publick Places, having now arriv'd to the greateſt height of my Ambition, being in poſſeſſion of my dear *Amaryllis*, which Happineſs I eſteem more than poſſeſſing the Imperial Diadem.

By this time Supper came up, which put a ſtop to any farther Diſcourſe of that kind: The Waiter being in the Room, we talk'd of nothing but indifferent things till Supper was over, when *Philander*, who watched every Look of mine, ſaid to me, Methinks, my dear *Amaryllis*, you are uneaſy, I hope it is not from any thing I have ſaid or done; for could I think that any Action or Word of mine, ſhould in the leaſt diſturb you, it would make me the moſt unhappy Man upon Earth. I aſſured him, he had not ſaid or done any thing to diſoblige me; but told him at the ſame time, though I muſt own that he was the moſt agreeable Man on Earth to me, as I had ſhewn by my quitting all the World for him, yet he muſt forgive a few Female Reflections at preſent, which in a ſmall time would be over; for I aſſur'd him that it was my Reſolution, as I had left all I held dear in the World to go along with him, and even ſacrificed my Reputation

tion to his Deſires, to lead the Remainder of my Life with him in what ſolitary Place he ſhould appoint.

Philemon interrupted *Philander*, (who was going to make me an Anſwer) ſaying, Madam, the Place which *Philander* talks of retiring to, believe me, is no remote Deſart, but an agreeable Retreat for Lovers; it is placed on a riſing Hill, though not high enough to make it bleak, nor ſo low but you may ſee beneath it a pleaſant Vale, enamel'd o'er with various Flowers of Nature's planting, which make a ſweet and agreeable Proſpect; nor is it ſo lonely, to make it melancholy, it being within a Mile and a half of a Market-Town, that in a quarter of an Hour's driving you may be as publick as you can wiſh; and, in ſhort, is the moſt commodiouſly ſituated that can be imagin'd, having Gardens, Orchards and Fiſh-Ponds, with every thing that can conduce to make a Seat agreeable: I could give you a large Account of the Place, having a beautiful Idea of it in my Mind; but will not foreſtal your Thoughts with what is not in my power to paint to its full Perfection.

It growing late, I propos'd going home, which was readily agreed to by the amorous *Philander*, whoſe very Motions ſeem'd to

to be governed entirely by my Will. *Philemon*, according to his youthful good Manners, would needs wait on us home, where he ſtaid the drinking of one Bottle of Wine, then took his leave of us for that Night, with a Promiſe to wait on us the next Morning, in order to accompany us three or four Miles on our Journey, Buſineſs at that time preventing him to go through; which we were very deſirous of. When *Philemon* was gone, the Woman of the Houſe ſhewed me what things my Milliner, and other Folks, (that I ſet to Work before I went out) had brought home. After looking on them, and chatting a little, I order'd her to come betimes in to our Chamber, having a great deal of Buſineſs to do in the Morning before we ſet out on our Journey: So taking our leave of the good Woman, we went to Bed without any thing remarkable happening that Night.

The Sixth Day.

IN the Morning at Nine a-Clock, the Maid came and light a Fire, and I got up, and ſent to the Work-Folks to bring me what more things they had done, that they might be packed up. By that time the Equipage was got ready for Breakfaſt, *Philemon*, according to his Promiſe, came: He brought with him half a dozen Flasks of the fineſt Citron Water, that in my Life I ever taſted; and beg'd me to accept of them, ſaying, it would be very agreeable in our travelling. After we had Breakfaſted, and put all things in order for our Journey, my Dear, ſays *Philander*, I have, for our better quitting the Town privately, order'd my Chariot to wait two or three Miles off till we come; we will go in a Hackney-Coach, which may bring *Philemon* back, ſince we cannot be ſo happy as to enjoy his Company the remaining Part of our Journey. I approv'd of his Contrivance very well, and deſir'd we might be going. We ſatisfy'd the good Woman for the Trouble we had given her; and I order'd, that whatever ſhould be left with her, to lay it by till I ſent for it: So we took leave of *London*, and ſet for-

ward on our Journey. It was very pleaſant travelling, being the fineſt Day that has been ſeen this Spring. We in a ſhort time arriv'd at the Place where our own Chariot and Equipage waited our coming; being willing to enjoy *Philemon*'s Company as long as we could, we ſtaid there and din'd. When we had chatted an Hour or two, we took our leaves of *Philemon*, though not without ſome Regret to be deprived of his moſt friendly and agreeable Converſation: However, we were oblig'd to ſubmit to it, he having ſome Buſineſs of the greateſt conſequence; which, he ſaid, he feared would keep him in Town a Week or ten Days; but as ſoon as that is over, ſays he, I ſhall with Joy embrace the firſt Opportunity to kiſs your Hands, and in the time of my Abſence beg to hear from you as often as Opportunity will permit.

After *Philander* had aſſured him he would miſs no Opportunity of writing to him, and deſired he would oblige us in the ſame manner by ſending us what News he thought worth our hearing, and what was ſaid of his Abſence from Court; after *Philemon* ſaluted me, he embraced *Philander*, and with freſh Repetitions of Friendſhip between them, we parted. *Philander* and I proceeded on our Journey, and *Philemon* returned to *London*.

After

After a pleaſant Hour's Travelling, we arrived at the Place: As ſoon as we were come into the Houſe, and my dear *Philander* had welcomed me to it in the moſt obliging manner that could be, he took me by the Hand, and led me to view it all over, that I might the better ſee which Apartment I would fix on to be our Lodging. After I had ſeen all the Rooms, (which were very neatly furniſhed, and every thing in ſo exact order it might have entertained a Princeſs) he carried me into the Garden, which was nicely kept. At the upper-end of it was a fine Banqueting-houſe, paved with Marble: It ſtood on a Mount, and had a very fine Proſpect. When we came to it, *Philander* ask'd me to ſit down. We were no ſooner ſeated, but *Philander* took up my Hand, and kiſſing it, ſaid, Now, my dear *Amaryllis*, I eſteem myſelf the happieſt Man living, having in my Poſſeſſion the only Woman on Earth that could make me compleatly bleſſed, and that in ſo quiet and private a Retreat, that I may uninterrupted enjoy the Bleſſing without the buſy prying or malicious Cenſures of the World: As for the Houſe, I could wiſh it was better for the Entertainment of my Angel; but for my own part, ſince ſhe is pleas'd to grace it with her Preſence, I prefer this ſmall Cottage

before the glittering Court, and muſt ſay with the Philoſopher, This Place, this Spot of Earth whereon you ſtand, is more to me than the vaſt Plains of my Great Fathers Anceſtors.

After he had ſaid this, he preſſed me to tell him how I liked the Place; for, ſays he, if my dear Angel can confine herſelf to this Retirement, I will, as ſoon as I can, diveſt myſelf of all the noiſy Impertinences that attend Popularity, and in this agreeable Retreat from the Flatteries of the Court, paſs the remainder of my Days with the only Perſon in the World, whoſe Converſation can be always agreeably charming, as well in old Age as Youth, ſhould we be bleſſed to enjoy it together, the Beauties of your Mind being no ways inferiour to thoſe of your Perſon; which Charms I muſt only in Silence admire, as well for fear your Modeſty ſhould tax me with being guilty of Flattery, as becauſe it is out of my power to give them the due Praiſes they merit.

When he had made an end of talking, I found he was ſilent in expectation of my Anſwer; I therefore ſaid to him, *Philander*, that you are the moſt agreeable Perſon in the World to me, I believe I need not now tell

tell you; my indiſcreet leaving all things in this World that ought to be eſteemed valuable, and expoſing myſelf to the malicious Cenſures of the intermedling Part of my Sex, have, I believe, ſufficiently convinced you of the Truth of it; therefore as to my being contented with the Place, there is no room for my finding fault with it, it far ſurpaſſing my Expectation, notwithſtanding the beautiful Deſcription *Philemon* gave of it: But were it as mean as thoſe rural Cottages inhabited by the meaneſt Shepherd, yet, bleſt with my dear *Philander*'s Company, I ſhould eſteem myſelf more happy than in the greateſt Splendor that could be invented.

Philander having received this Aſſurance of my Love from me, ſeemed to be very well pleaſed; and the Evening growing cold, we returned in a Doors: After giving Orders for Supper, *Philander* retired to his Cloſet to write a Letter to *Philemon*, giving him the Satisfaction of our ſafe Arrival at our Journey's end; and by his retiring, gave me an Opportunity of ſending you this exact Account of my Six Days Adventures, which will, I doubt not, meet with your ſevere Cenſure: for I fancy I already hear you blaming my Folly, and too ready Compliance.

Thus

Thus, my dear *Emilia*, I have, without Reſerve, made you acquainted with every thing juſt as it hapned, without adding any thing to make my Story more diverting to you, or concealing any thing that may deſerve your Blame; therefore I beg you'll uſe the Indulgence of a Friend in this Caſe, and conſider that I have acted the moſt prudent, as well as generous Part in what I have done; for though I have expoſed myſelf to the Cenſure of the World, I have this Satisfaction, that it is for the Man I like; and on the other hand, had I taken my Aunt's Advice, and married the Duke of *A*——, whom I could never have loved, I had not only made myſelf unhappy, but by my Indifference to him, ſhould have given him, and all the World, reaſon to have been very free with my Character, and ſhould have undergone the Scandal without having the Satisfaction.

I know you to be a Lady of that good Senſe, that you will not be too ſevere in your Judgment; nor need I bid you ſuſpend your Cenſure till you ſee my *Philander*, of whoſe Perſon I would here give you ſome Account, did I not fear you would believe me guilty of Partiality, whilſt I know it is not in my power to give ſo bright a Deſcription of his Perfections as they deſerve; there-

fore

fore ſhall rather chuſe to paſs that by, which an ill Deſcription will ſully the Beauties of, and leave him wholly for yourſelf to find out his Charms when you ſee him. I beg you to enquire what is ſaid of my ſudden Departure: I am obliged to leave off here, being prevented from relating a thouſand things I had to ſay, by a Neighbouring Gentleman, who hearing of *Philander*'s Arrival, is come to pay him a Viſit, and ſup with us. He has preſented me with a Copy of Verſes, lately written by Mr. *Prior* on the Lady *Katherine Hyde*; which I think very well worthy your reading, as well for the Beauty of the Poem, as the Subject it is writ on. She is a Lady for whom I know you have a particular Value as well as myſelf; and all the World, who has the Honour to know her, muſt have an Eſteem for her: I have therefore, for your Entertainment, tranſcrib'd them.

I.

THus *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd;
Beſpoke the Fair from whom ſhe ſprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with Rage at ſad Reſtraint,
Which wiſe *Mamma* ordain'd;
And ſorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilſt Wit and Beauty reign'd.

III.

Shall I thumb Holy Books, confin'd
With *Abigails* forſaken!
Kitty's for other Things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

IV.

Muſt Lady *Jenny* friſk about,
And Viſit with her Cozens?
At Balls muſt *She* make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

V.

What Beauties has *She*, more than I?
What hidden Charms to boaſt,
That all Mankind for her ſhould die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a Toaſt?

VI.

Deareſt *Mamma*, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my *Earl* as well as *She*,
Or know the Reaſon why.

VII.

I'll ſoon with *Jenny*'s Pride quit ſcore,
And make her Lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII.

Fondneſs prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way;
Kitty, at Heart's Deſire,
Obtains the Chariot for a Day,
And ſet the World on Fire.

FINIS.